

DELL

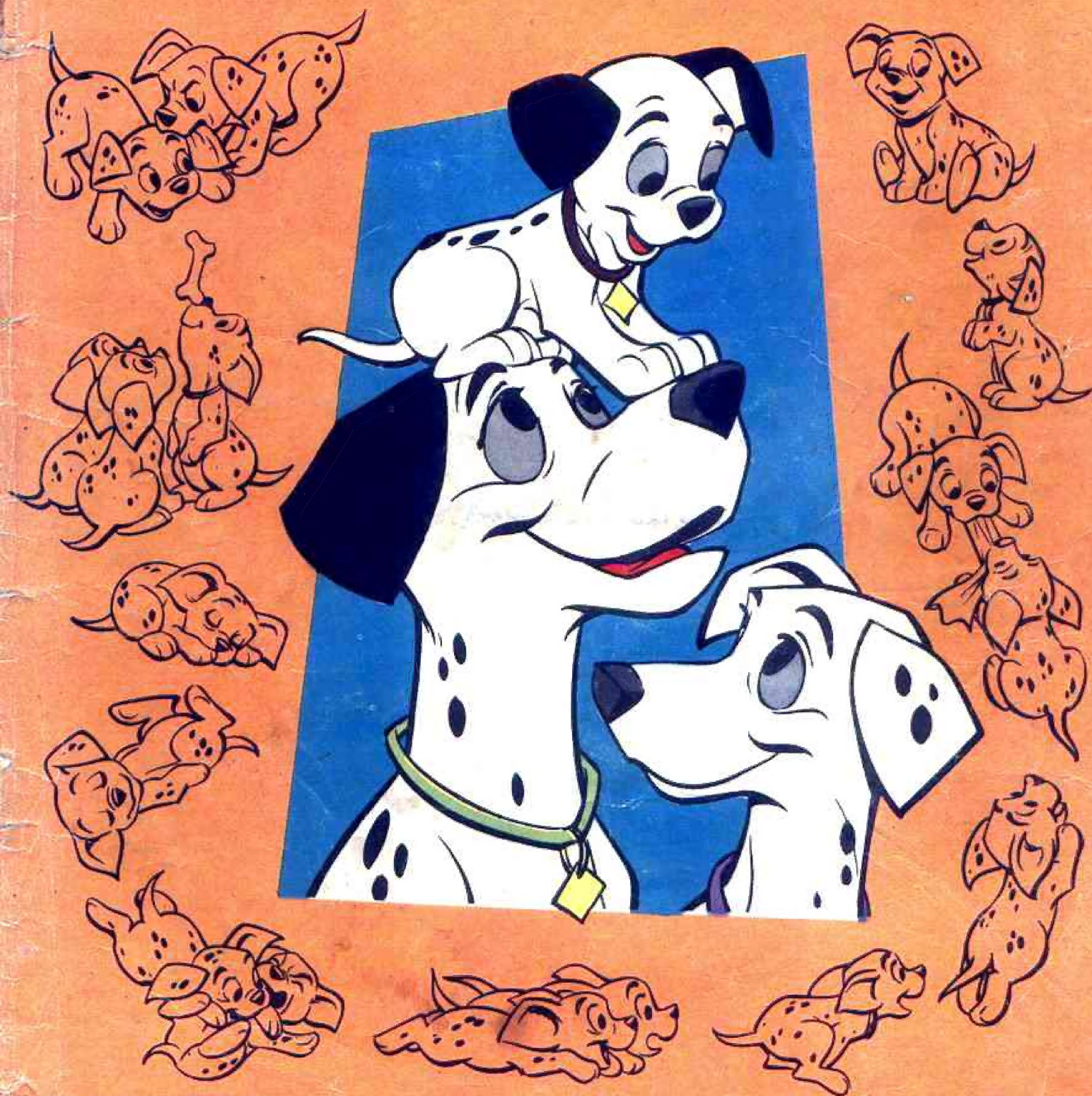
15¢

NO. 1183

Walt Disney's

101

DALMATIANS



ONE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS



Pongo and Perdita, a pair of devoted Dalmatians, present their "human family" with fifteen blessed events.



There is much rejoicing in the busy household, and it seems that nothing could possibly mar their joy.



The evil Cruella appears and tries to purchase the pups, planning to use them in making a spotted coat.



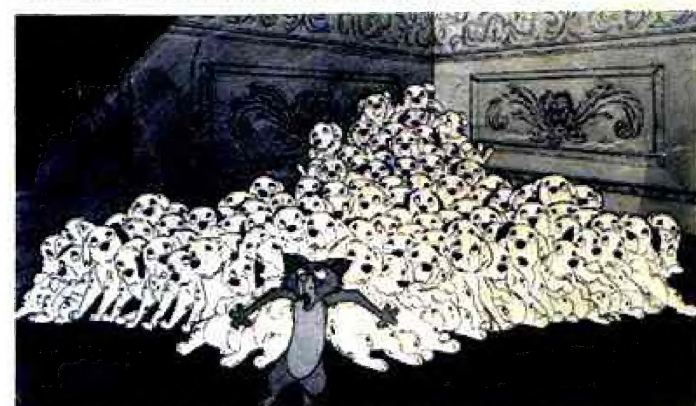
When her offer is rejected, she hires two thugs to kidnap them. Posing as repair men, they gain entry into the house.



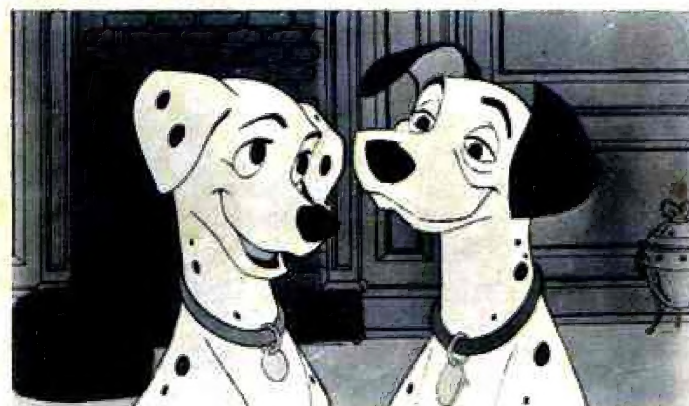
When the dastardly crime is discovered, Pongo gives the alarm via a dog-barking relay, and a gigantic search is on.



A sort of animal Scotland Yard detection system is set up and animal friends from far and wide offer their help.



Traced to Cruella's horrible mansion, the pups are discovered along with many more captives, all awaiting their fates.



The rescue mission is a huge success, and Pongo and Perdita return to their home... in all, a hundred and one Dalmatians!

Walt Disney's

101 DALMATIANS



MY NAME IS PONGO—I'M A DALMATIAN! MY STORY BEGINS IN LONDON NOT SO VERY LONG AGO! AT THAT TIME, I LIVED WITH MY PET IN A BACHELOR FLAT JUST OFF REGENTS PARK . . .

THAT'S MY PET, ROGER—ROGER RADCLIFF—HE'S A MUSICIAN OF SORTS. . .



THE NOTION THAT A BACHELOR'S LIFE IS GLAMOROUS AND CAREFREE WAS ALL NONSENSE SO FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED! IN FACT, IT WAS DOWNRIGHT DULL!



NOT ONLY THAT, IT WAS DOWNRIGHT IMPRACTICAL! IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE MY PET NEEDED SOMEONE ELSE AROUND THIS PLACE!



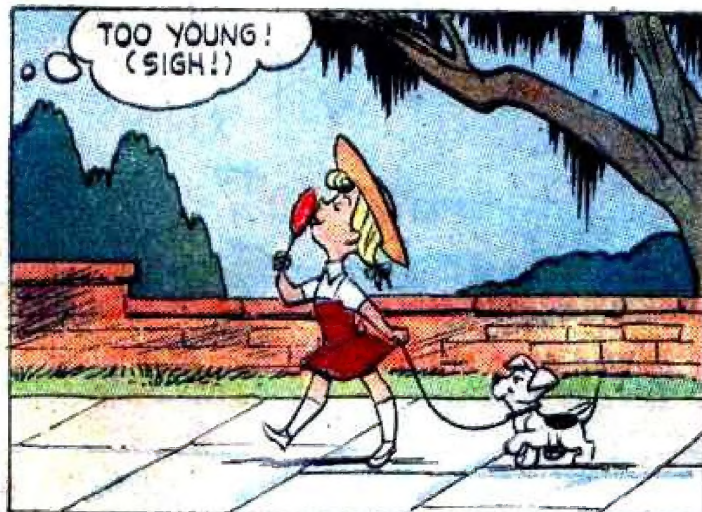
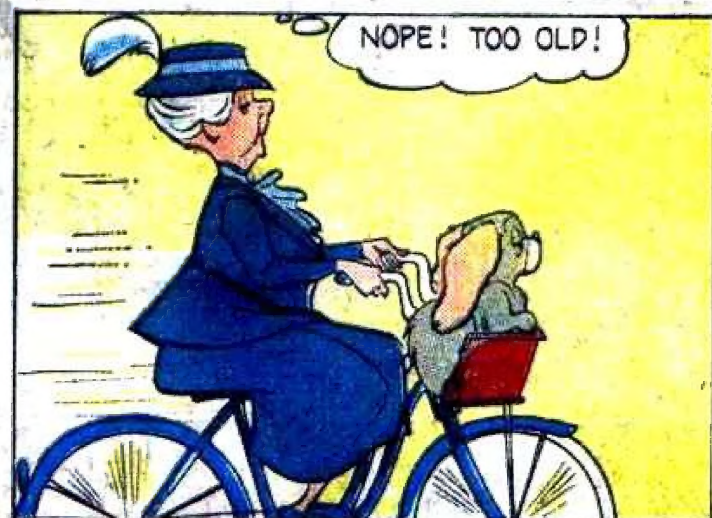
IT WAS ALSO PLAIN TO SEE THAT IF IT WERE LEFT TO ROGER, WE'D BE BACHELORS FOREVER! HE WAS MARRIED TO HIS WORK...WRITING SONGS!

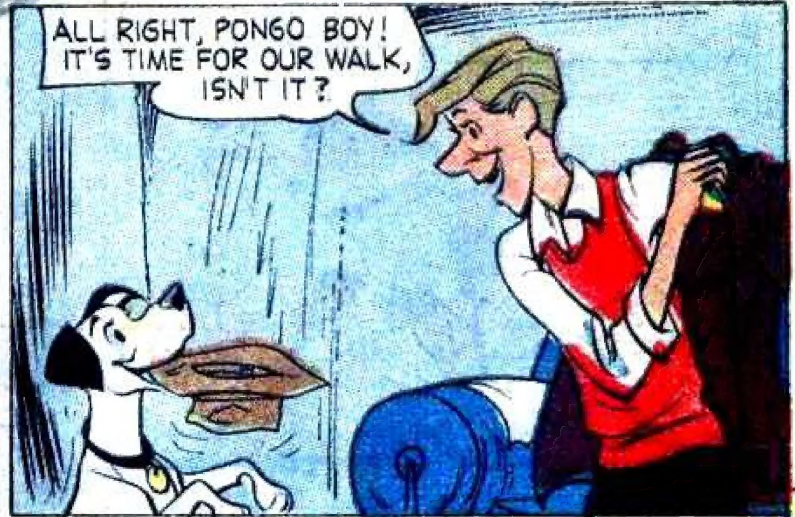
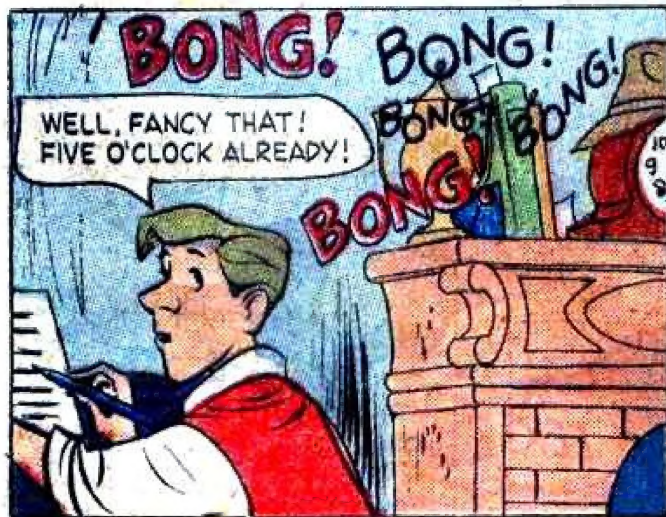
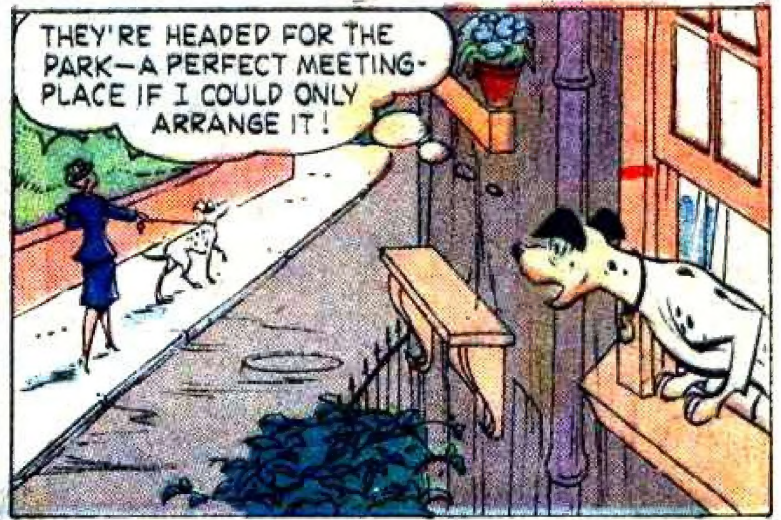


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MY PET DESERVED A MATE, AND IT LOOKED LIKE IT WAS UP TO ME TO FIND HIM ONE!





THERE THEY WERE!



(GASP!) PONGO! HOLD ON A MINUTE! LET'S REST AWHILE!



REST? THIS IS NO TIME TO REST!

BY GOLLY, I SET OUT TO HAVE THEM MEET, AND MEET THEY WILL!

BUT EXACTLY HOW?

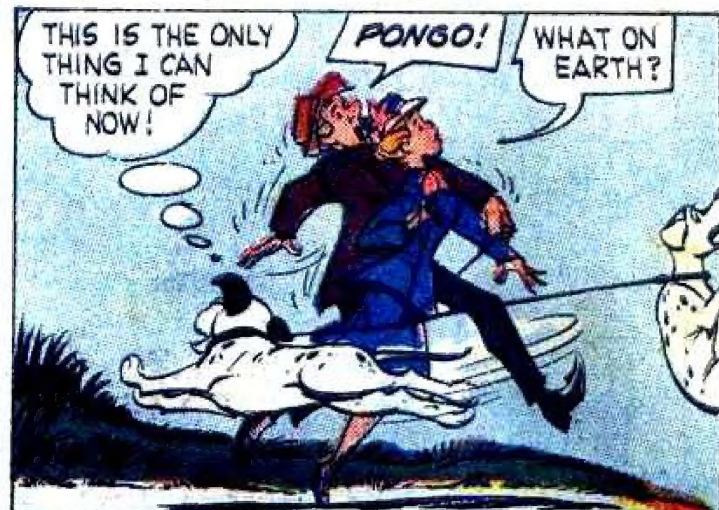
PONGO!



THIS IS THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF NOW!

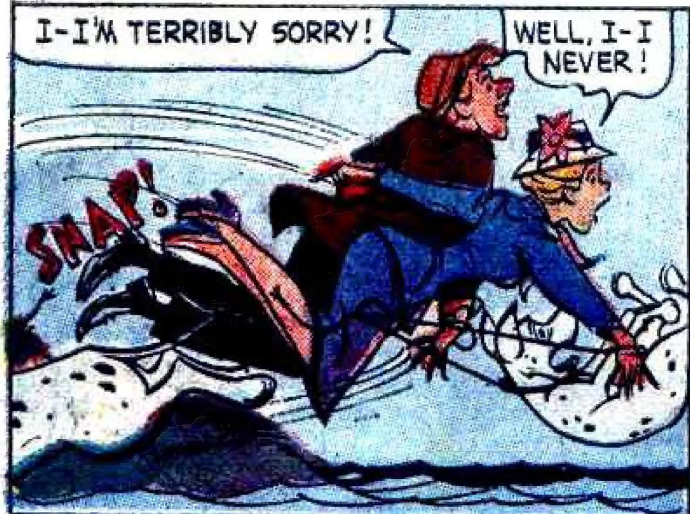
PONGO!

WHAT ON EARTH?



I-I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

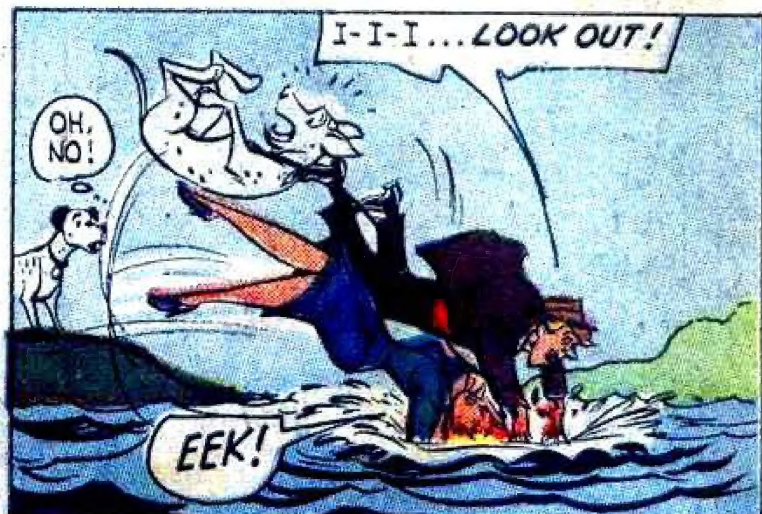
WELL, I-I NEVER!



I-I-I... LOOK OUT!

OH, NO!

EEK!



I CAN'T LOOK!

YEOW!

EEK!

YIPE!



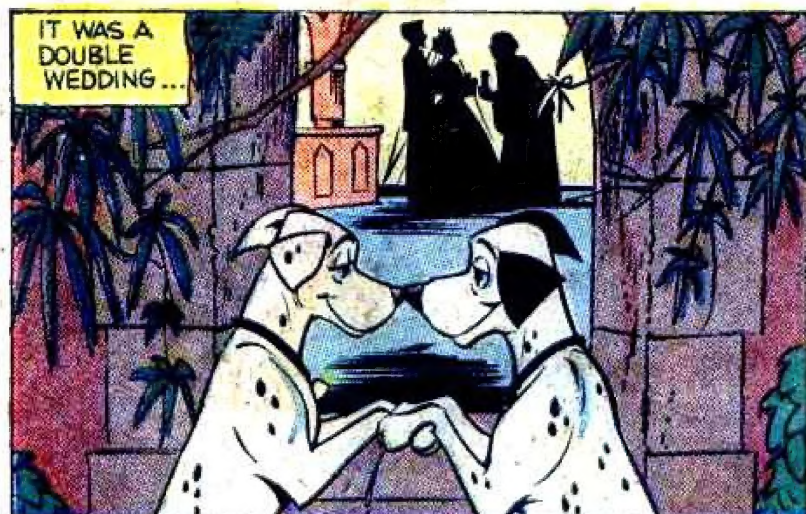
WELL, FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED LIKE THE END OF EVERYTHING!

I WONDER IF THEY NEED DALMATIANS IN THE FOREIGN LEGION!

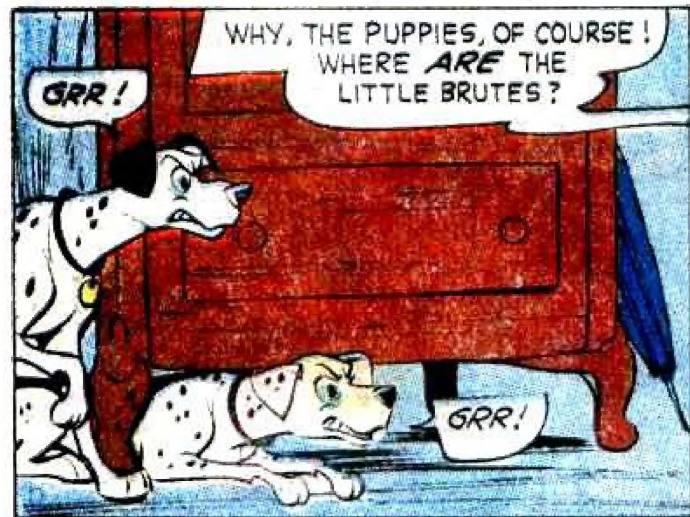
MY NEW SPRING SUIT! MY HAT!

I-UH-LET ME HELP YOU!



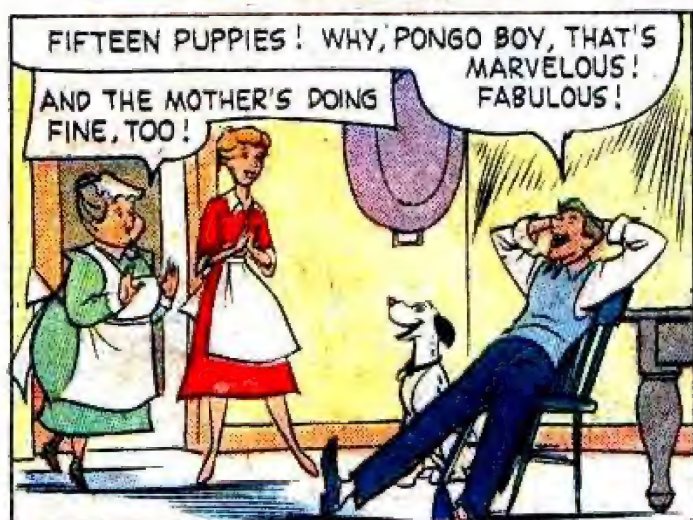
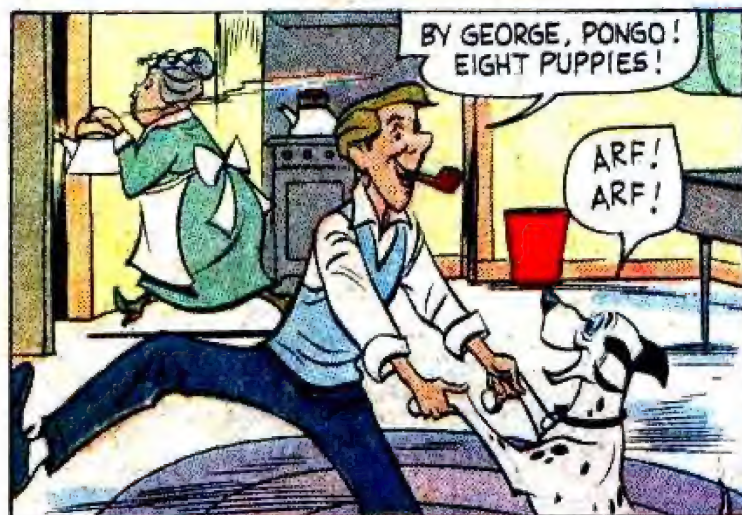
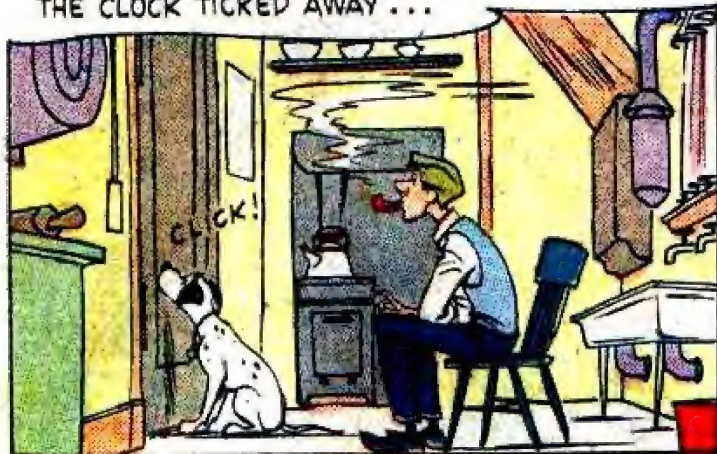


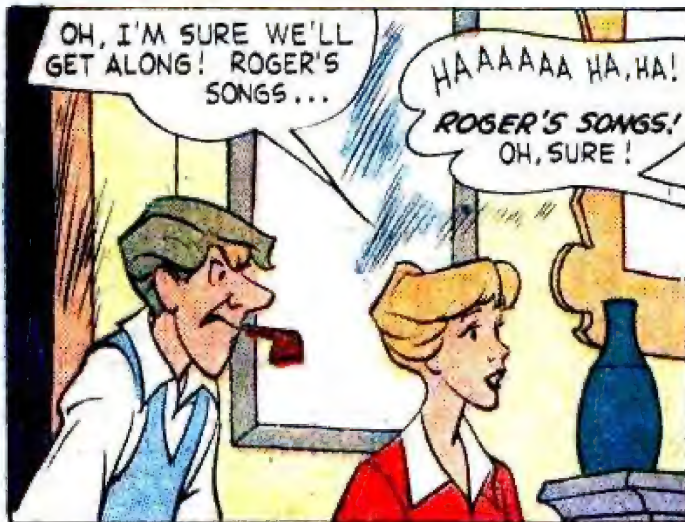






MY PET, ROGER, AND I WAITED ANXIOUSLY AS THE CLOCK TICKED AWAY ...

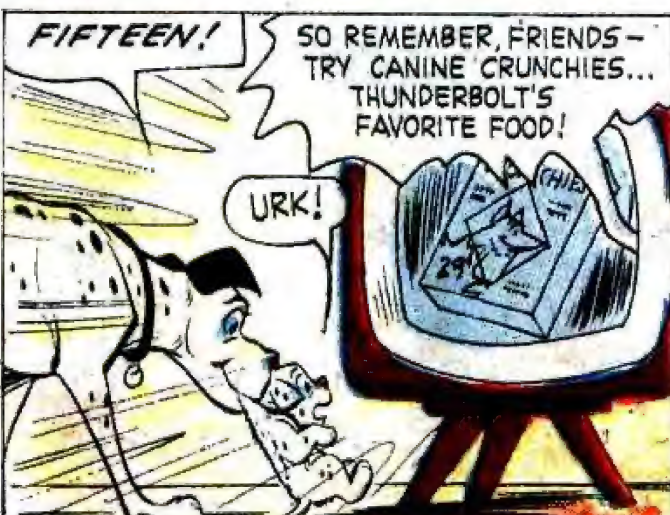
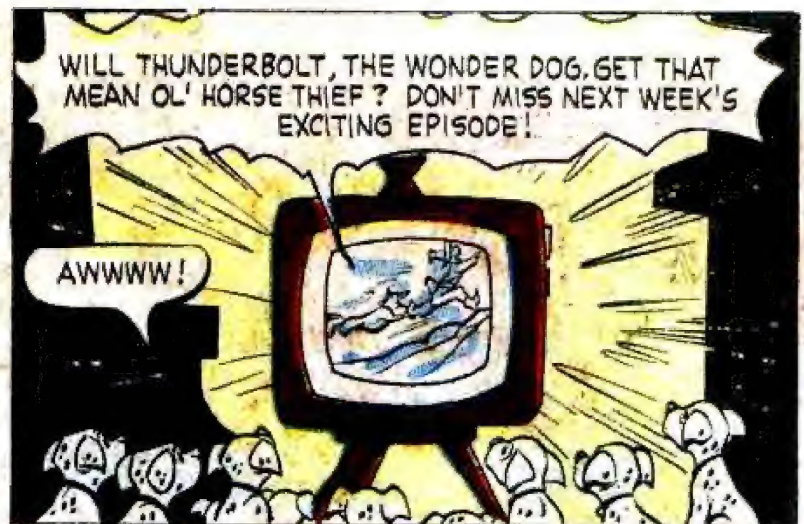






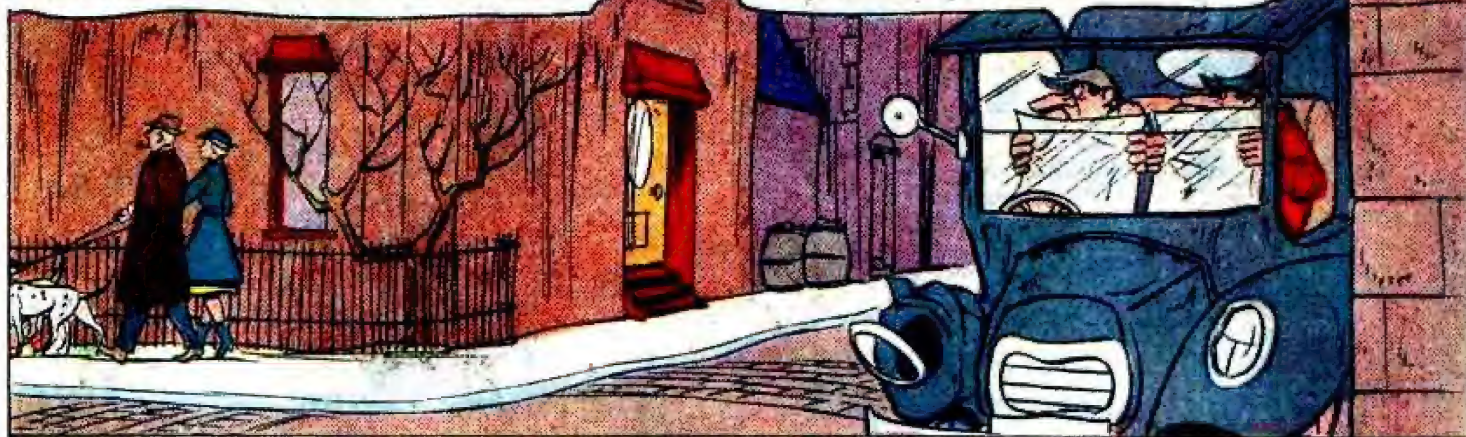
WELL, IN NO TIME AT ALL, IT SEEMED, THE PUPPIES WERE NO LONGER BABIES, AND INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, WE COULD TELL ALL FIFTEEN OF THEM APART...





LITTLE KNOWING THAT WE WERE BEING
WATCHED BY TWO PAIRS OF EVIL EYES!

THERE THEY GO, HORACE, ME LAD, OUT FOR
THEIR EVENIN' CONSTITUTIONAL!



SO LET'S GET
ON WITH IT!

I-I *STILL* DON'T TAKE TO THIS
JOB, JASPER! ONE MORE PINCH AND
THEY'LL THROW AWAY THE KEY!



AH, COME OFF IT! WE'RE GETTIN' PLENTY
OF BOODLE FOR THIS JOB! BESIDES,
NOBODY'S HOME BUT THE LITTLE OL'
COOK! I'LL HANDLE HER REAL
DIPLOMATIC-LIKE!



MEANWHILE...

THERE! ALL TUCKED IN, SO
SETTLE DOWN AND CLOSE
YOUR LITTLE EYES!

RRRING!



NOW WHO DO YOU
SUPPOSE...?



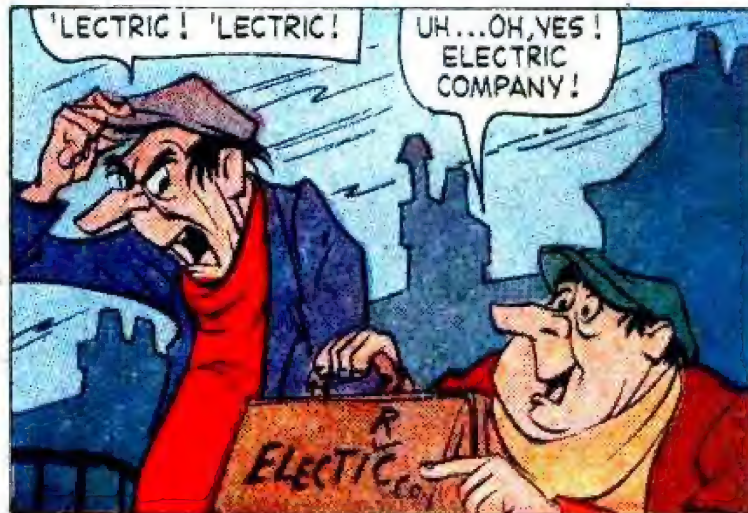
EVENIN', MUM! WE'RE HERE TO INSPECT
THE WIRIN' AN' THE SWITCHES!

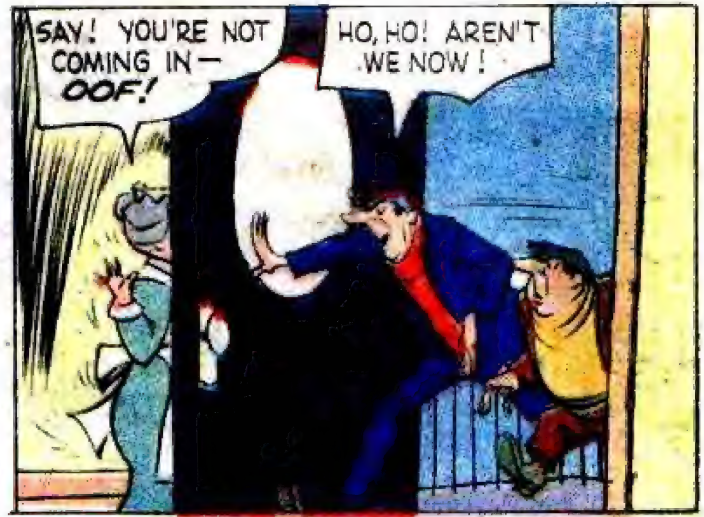
YUH! WE'RE FROM
THE GAS COMPANY!



'LECTRIC! 'LECTRIC!

UH...OH, YES!
ELECTRIC
COMPANY!





WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG
FOR THE WORD TO SPREAD...

I-I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE
IT, ROGER!

DOGNAPPING!
FIFTEEN PUPPIES STOLEN!

SCOTLAND
YARD ON
CASE!

WHY? WHY WOULD
ANYONE WANT TO
TAKE THEM?

I DON'T KNOW **WHY**, BUT
I HAVE A SUSPICION
WHO!

YOU MEAN CRUELLA?
I **ADMIT** SHE'S
ECCENTRIC, BUT SHE'S
NOT A THIEF!

SHE'S STILL
NUMBER ONE
SUSPECT IN
MY BOOK!

BUT SHE'S **BEEN** INVESTIGATED BY
SCOTLAND YARD! WHAT **MORE** DO
YOU WANT?

I DON'T
KNOW!
I DON'T
KNOW!

OH, PONGO! CHRISTMAS IS
COMING UP! I JUST CAN'T
STAND THE THOUGHT OF IT
WITH OUR PUPPIES GONE!

TRY AND TAKE
HEART,
PERDITA!

THERE'S **STILL** ONE HOPE...THE
TWILIGHT BARK!

BUT THAT'S JUST
USED FOR RELAYING
DOG GOSSIP!

IT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO SEND NEWS!
IF OUR PUPPIES ARE ANYWHERE IN THE
CITY, THE LONDON DOGS WILL KNOW!

WE'LL SEND OUT THE WORD THIS EVENING, WHEN
OUR PETS TAKE US FOR A WALK IN THE PARK!

I HOPE IT WORKS!

AND SO...



IT WASN'T TOO LONG BEFORE THE WORD SPREAD TO THE COUNTRYSIDE, JUST OUT OF LONDON...

YIP, YIP, YIP,
AROOOOO!



WHAT'S GOING ON, TOWSER? WHAT'S THE GOSSIP?

SHH, LUCY!

YIP,
YIP!



IT ISN'T GOSSIP! IT'S NEWS ALL THE WAY FROM LONDON! FIFTEEN DALMATIAN PUPPIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

(GASP!) YOU
DON'T SAY!



I'D BEST TELL THE COLONEL! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WITHIN BARKING RANGE!

ARF!
ARF!

IMAGINE! ALL
THE WAY FROM
LONDON!



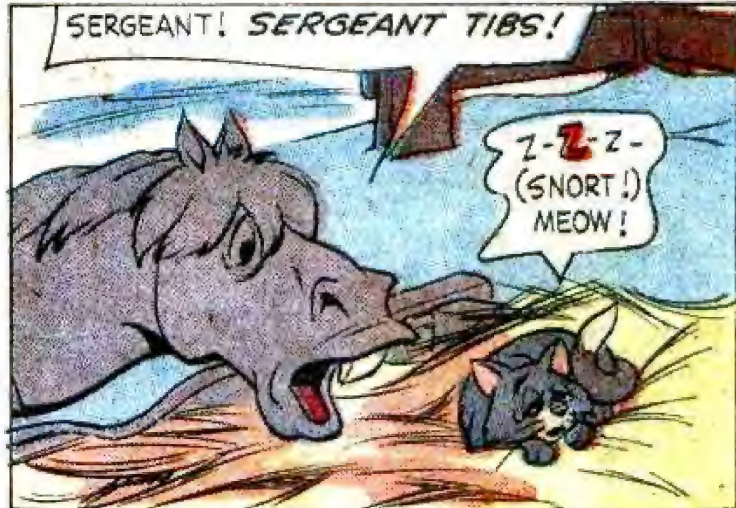
YARF!
YARF!

HMM! SOUNDS LIKE
OLD TOWSER! IT'S
AN ALERT!



SERGEANT! SERGEANT TIBS!

Z-Z-Z-
(SNORT!)
MEOW!



HMM? WHAT? OH! YES, CAPTAIN!??

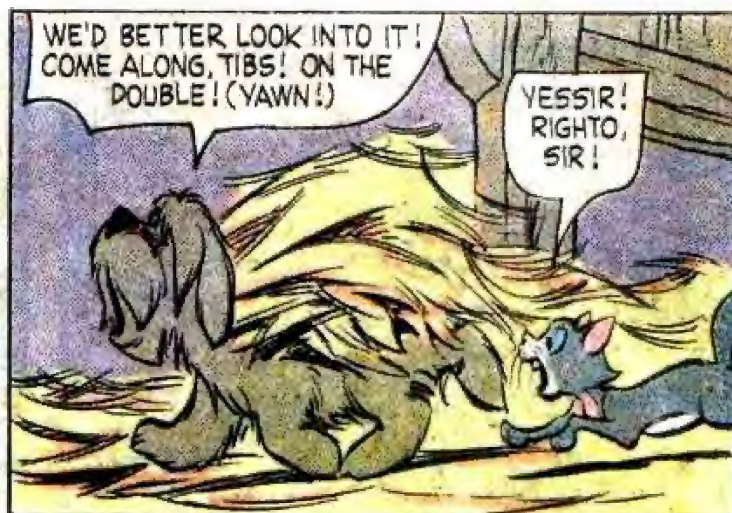
IT'S THE BARKING
SIGNAL! REPORT
TO THE COLONEL
AT ONCE!



COLONEL! I SAY, COLONEL!
COLONEL, SIR! COLONEL!

HRMP! FFAP!
WH-WHO GOES
THERE?







BY JOVE! SO THERE IS!
THAT'S STRANGE! PERHAPS
WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE
...ON THE DOUBLE, TIBS!

RIGHTO,
SIR!



SHORTLY...

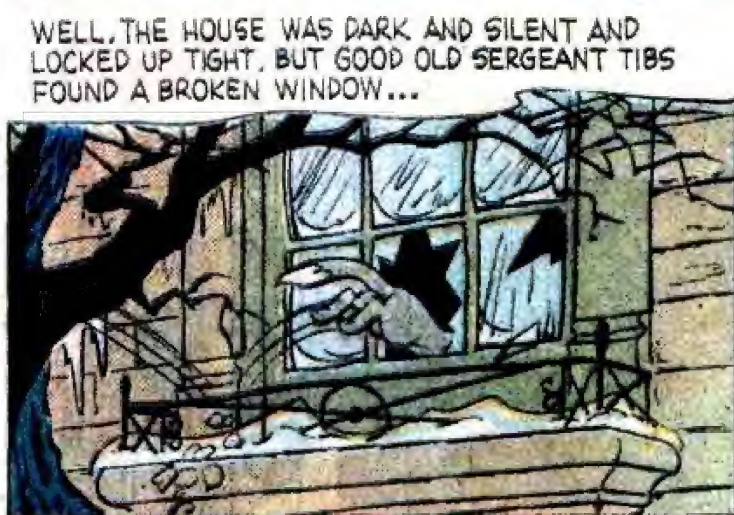
THEY SAY THE OLD PLACE IS HAUNTED
OR SOMETHING! PURE FIDDLE-FADDLE,
OF COURSE!

(GULP!) OF
COURSE, SIR!



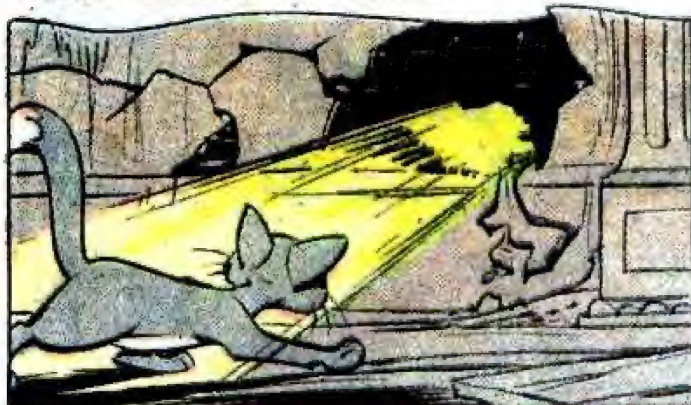
JUST THE SAME, USE EXTREME
CAUTION! NOW, CARRY ON,
TIBS!

Y-YESSIR!



WELL, THE HOUSE WAS DARK AND SILENT AND
LOCKED UP TIGHT, BUT GOOD OLD SERGEANT TIBS
FOUND A BROKEN WINDOW...

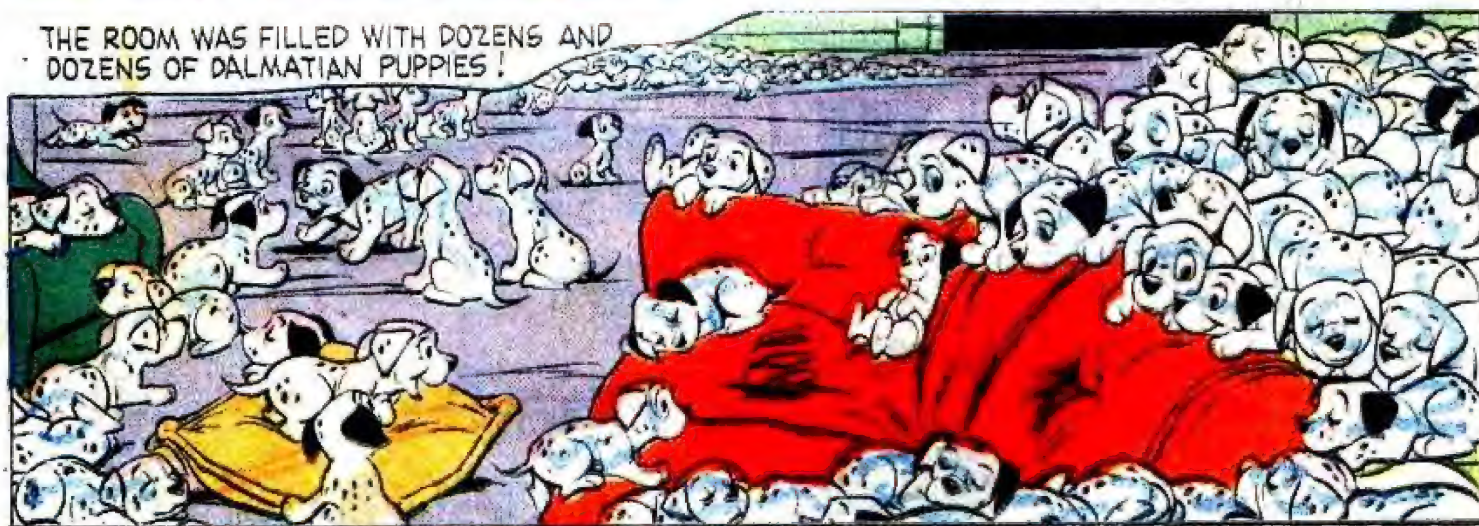
ONCE INSIDE, HE SAW A GLEAM OF LIGHT THROUGH
A HOLE IN THE WALL OF AN INSIDE ROOM, AND
HEARD THE SOUND OF TALKING...



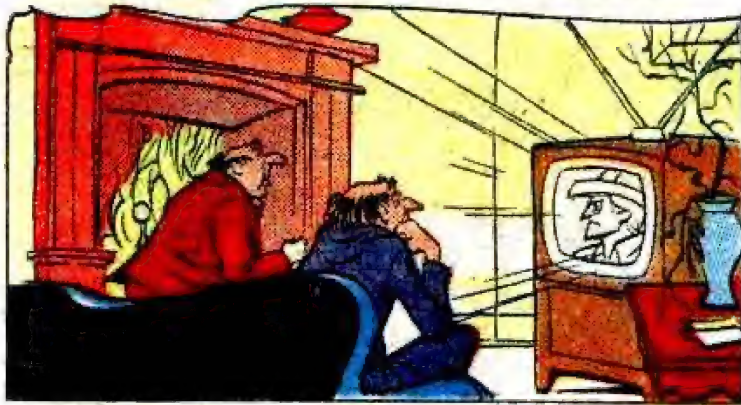
PEEKING THROUGH THE HOLE, THE SIGHT THAT MET
HIS ASTONISHED EYES CONFIRMED HIS SUSPICIONS...



THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH DOZENS AND
DOZENS OF DALMATIAN PUPPIES!



WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM, WERE THOSE RASCALS, JASPER AND HORACE, FORTUNATELY ENGROSSSED IN A TV PROGRAM...



PSST! ARE YOU ONE OF THE FIFTEEN STOLEN PUPPIES?

US STOLEN? OH, NO! WE'RE ALL BOUGHT AND PAID FOR!



BESIDES, THERE ARE NINETY-NINE OF US, NOT FIFTEEN!

NINETY-NINE?

MAYBE HE MEANS THAT BUNCH OVER THERE!



THEY ALL HAVE NAMES AND COLLARS! THEY'RE NOT FROM PET SHOPS!



BLIMEY, IT MUST BE THEM! I BETTER REPORT BACK TO THE COLONEL! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! THANK YOU!

YOU'RE WELCOME!



SO THE BARKING SIGNAL WAS RELAYED BACK ACROSS THE WINTRY LANDSCAPE...

AROOOOO AROOOOO!

YIP YIP

WOOF!

TOWSER ACKNOWLEDGES, SIR!

YIP YIP
WOOF!



AND BEFORE LONG...

WHAT IS IT, PONGO?

IT'S THE GREAT DANE! HE HAS NEWS FOR US!

ARF ARF YIP
WOOF WOOF
AROOOOOO!



THEY'VE LOCATED OUR PUPPIES A BIT NORTH OF HERE IN SUFFOLK! THEY'RE LOCKED UP IN THE OLD DE VIL PLACE!

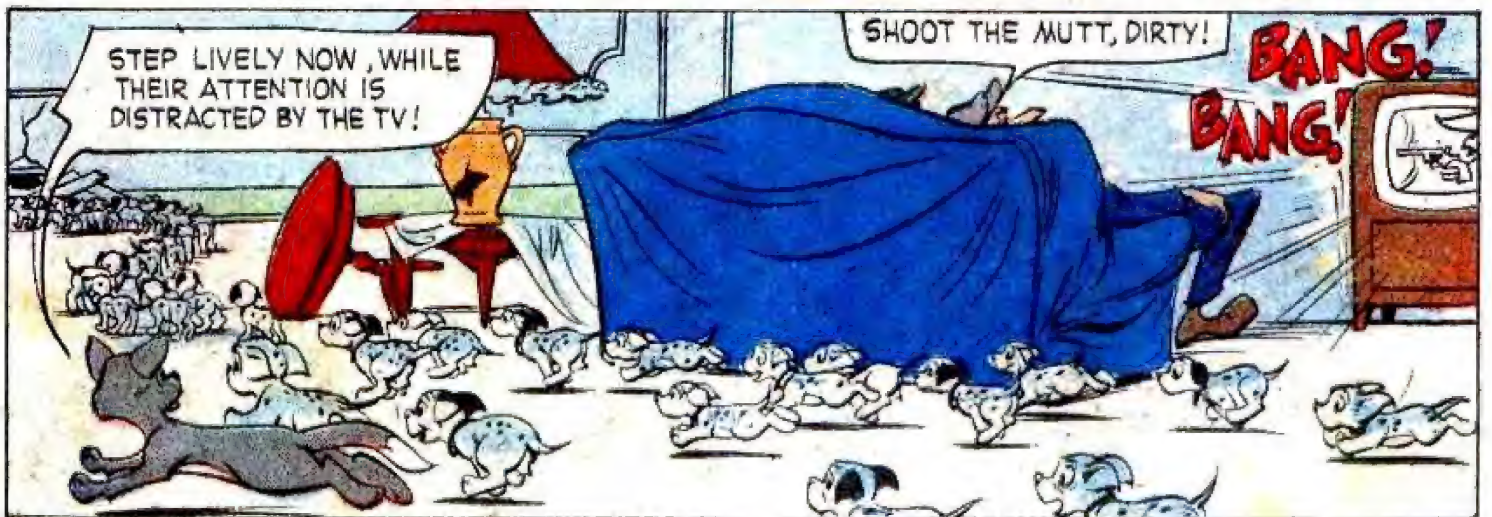
THE DE VIL PLACE? THEN IT *WAS* HER!

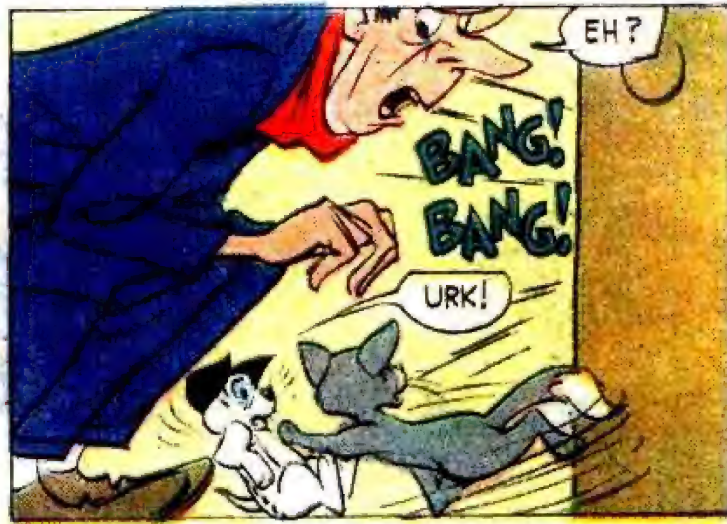




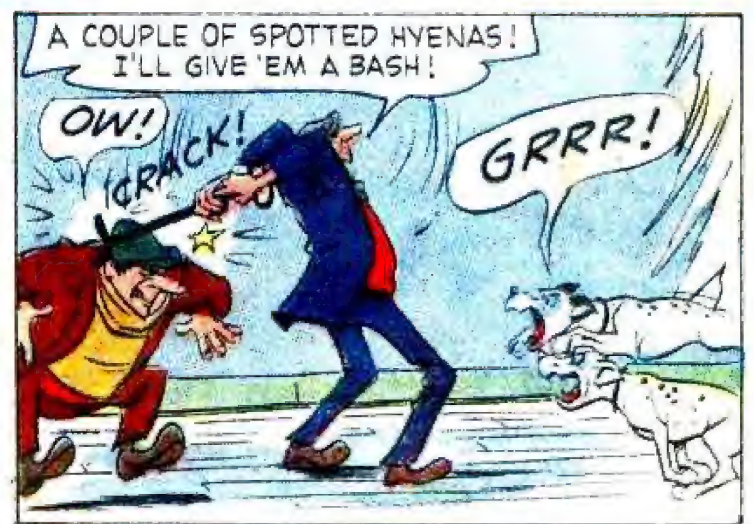


SLAM!





MEANWHILE...







WHO ARE ALL THE OTHER PUPPIES?

THEY WERE BOUGHT BY THAT CRUELLA PERSON TO MAKE INTO FUR COATS! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THEM ALONG, AREN'T WE?



OF COURSE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT EVER WE'LL DO WITH THEM, BUT LET'S WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER! MEANWHILE, WE'VE GOT TO GET CLEAR OF HERE!



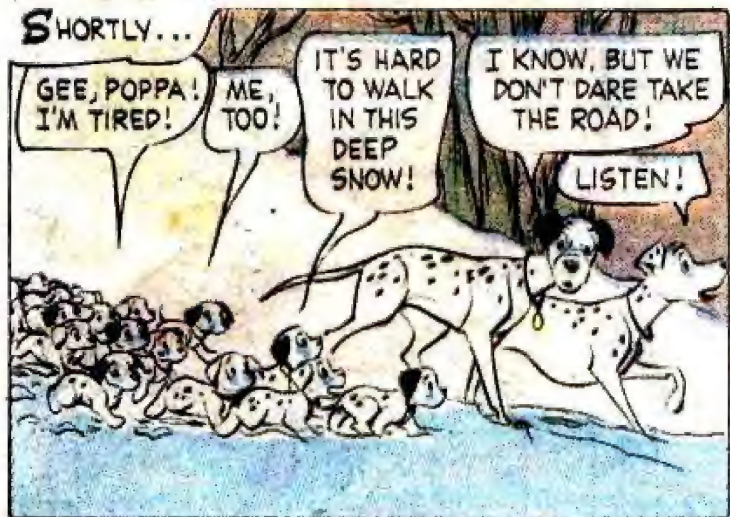
MOMENTS LATER...

THEY'VE CUT ACROSS COUNTRY!

COME ON! WE'LL TAKE THE VAN AND HEAD 'EM OFF IN HALF A MILE!



I'LL SKIN EVERY ONE OF THOSE SPOTTED HYENAS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



SHORTLY...

GEE, POPPA! I'M TIRED!

ME, TOO!

IT'S HARD TO WALK IN THIS DEEP SNOW!

I KNOW, BUT WE DON'T DARE TAKE THE ROAD!

LISTEN!



A CAR! IT MUST BE THEIR VAN HEADING US OFF! THEY'LL BE SURE TO SEE OUR TRACKS!

NO, THEY WON'T! COME ON!

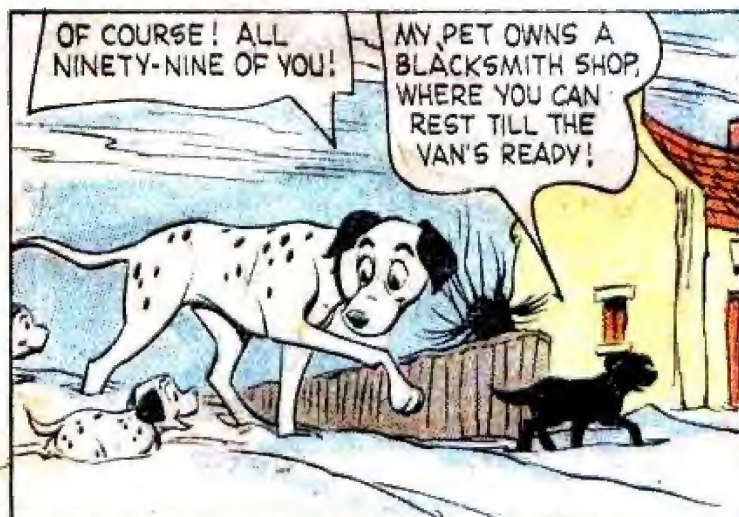
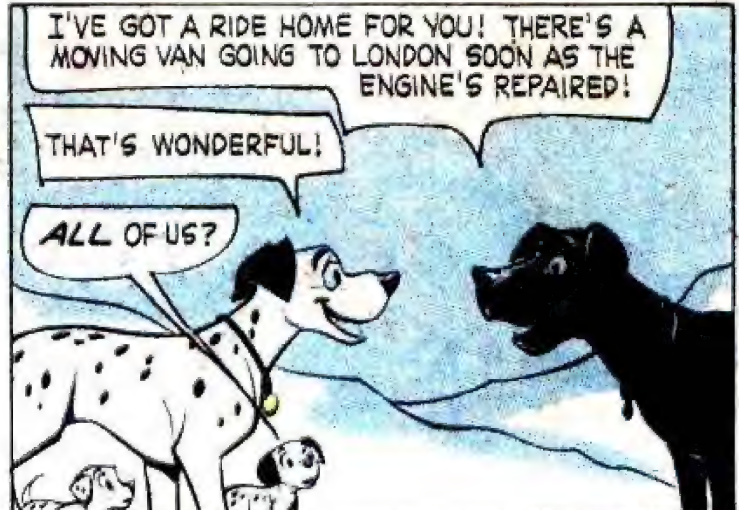
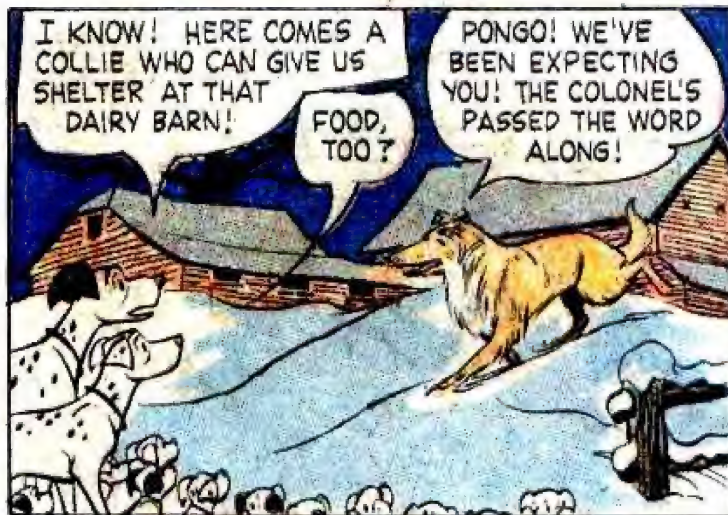


IF WE CAN'T TRAVEL BY ROAD, WE'LL TAKE THE NEXT BEST THING! WE WON'T LEAVE ANY TRACKS ON ICE!



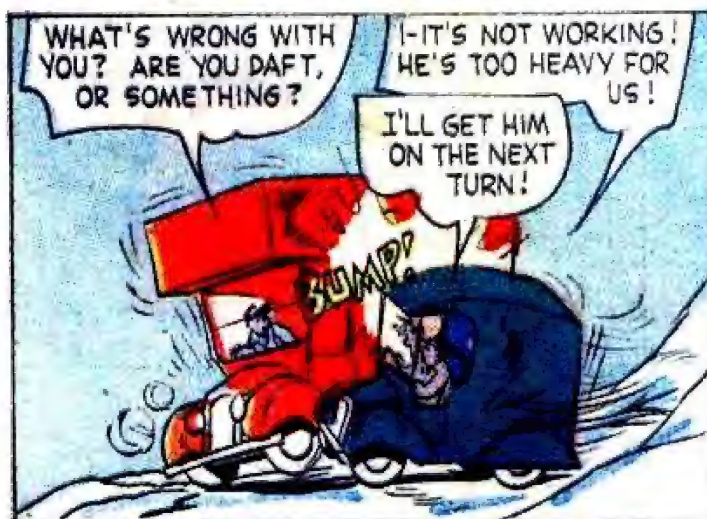
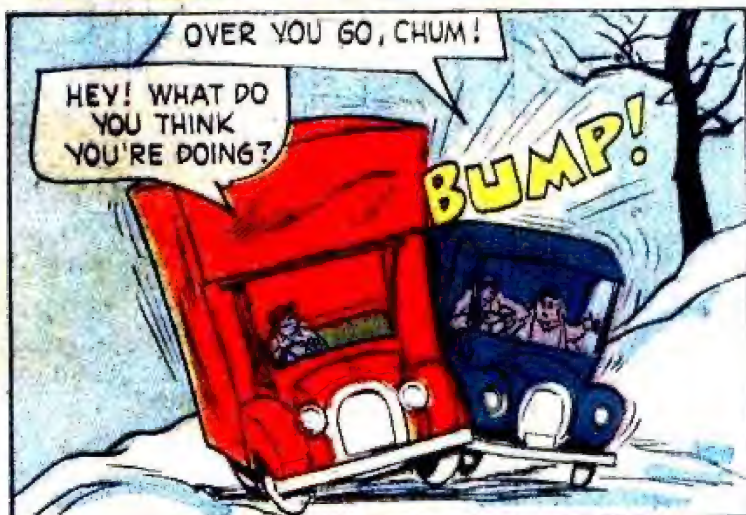
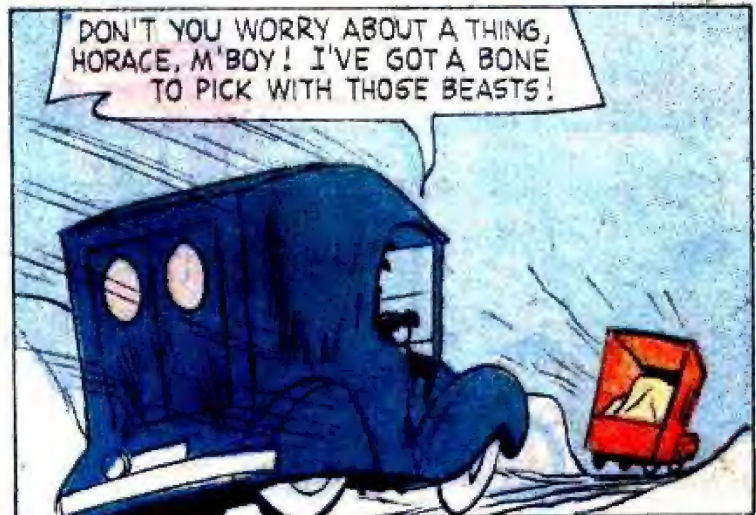
DRAT! I THOUGHT SURE WE'D RUN ACROSS THEIR TRACKS BEFORE NOW!

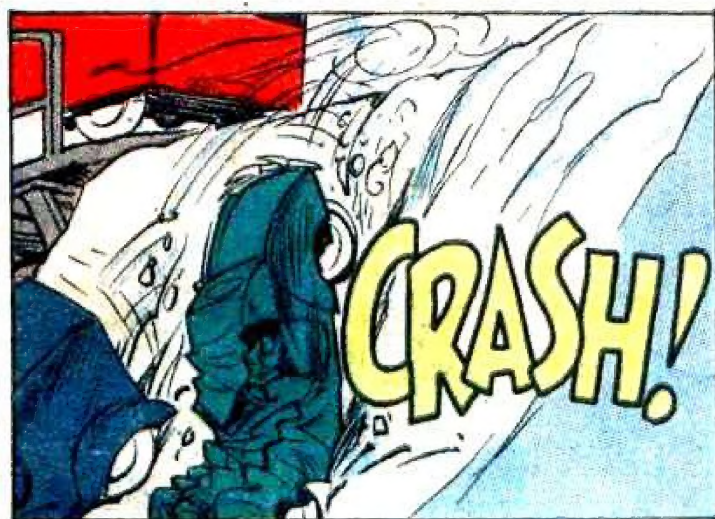
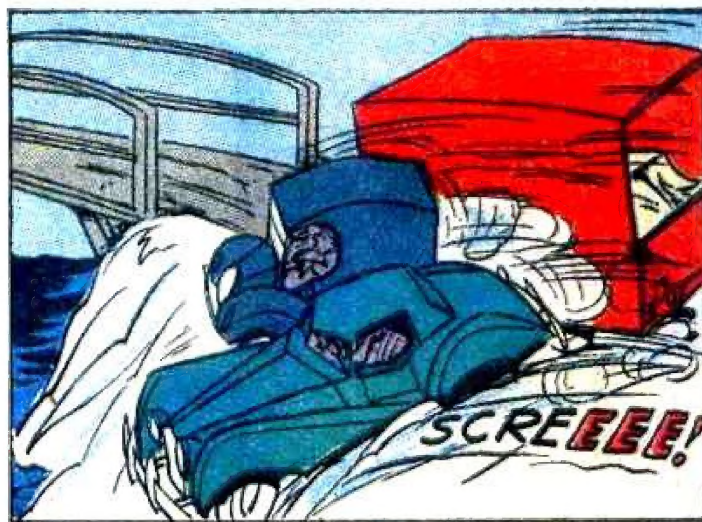
MAYBE THEY WENT DOWN THE CREEK!





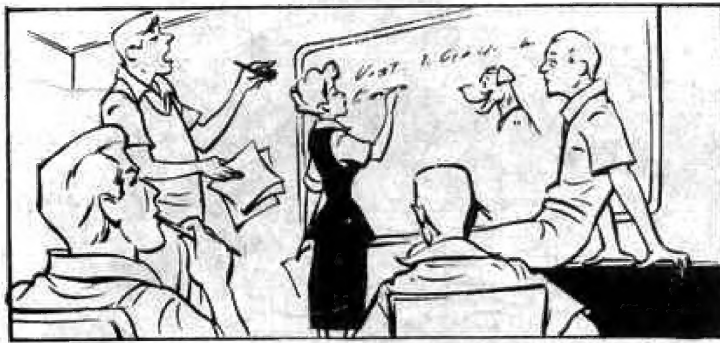








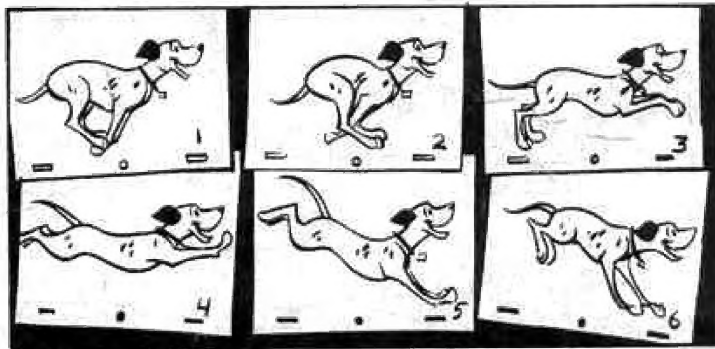
DALMATIAN ANIMATION



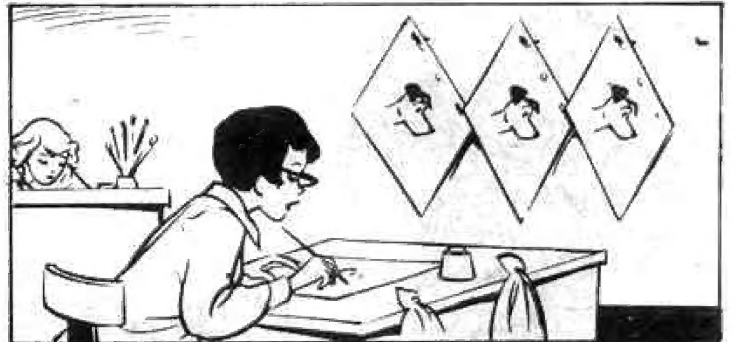
Here is how animated cartoons like *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* get to the screen. It starts with an idea, and then a story conference develops that idea until there is a plot ready for a writer to work on.



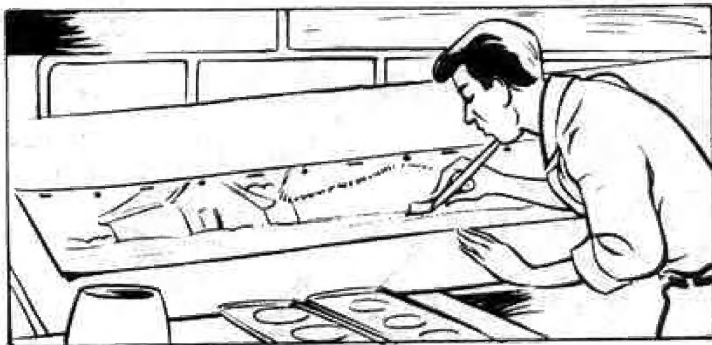
Then the writer, who is an artist as well, sketches the main scenes of the story, along with the dialogue, and tacks them onto a large board on his office wall. This is called a story board.



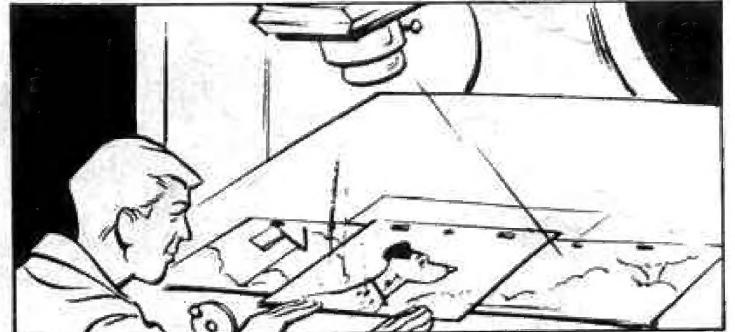
After the writer is finished, it is time for the animation artists to go to work and tell the story in pictures. Every action of every character has a series of pencil drawings to make the pictures "come alive."



Now, the artists' pencil drawings are transferred onto sheets of celluloid by a special Xerox process. After this, each sheet of celluloid, or "cell," is painted in spectacular colors.



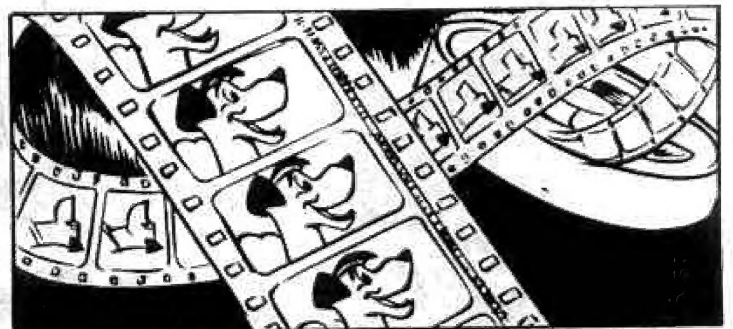
Backgrounds are important, too, for they set the scene in which the characters perform and the action takes place. Combined with the "cells," they make up the finished pictures which go before the camera.



When the time comes to put the pictures on film, each painted "cell" is photographed separately, each making one picture on a roll of film. It takes twenty-four of these to make a second's viewing in the theater.



Music and voices for animated films are recorded separately, and it is a very exacting job, because, when sound and picture are combined, they must be in perfect timing, or synchronization.



Animated features are a long time in the making. It took three years from the time of its first conception for *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* to be put "in the can," completed and ready for showing.



DALMATIAN DIARY

by
PONQO

We Dalmatians are an ancient breed that has not changed over all the centuries, but exactly where my ancestors came from is a mystery.



We were the favorites of the gypsies, who roamed all over the earth, and maybe that explains why we were found in so many different and widely-scattered parts of the world.



Besides Europe, we were known in Africa and Asia and Egypt, where we used to follow the chariots of our masters. Probably it was way back then that we learned to love horses next best to humans.



Many centuries later, we were still trotting along beside horse-drawn vehicles — only now they were the fine coaches that our masters traveled in. That's where we got the nickname "coach dog."



Before fire engines got their high-powered motors, they were pulled by horses, so, of course, Dalmatians went right along with them to all the blazing fires.



Dalmatians have had a lot of other careers, too...like serving as sentry dogs, sheep dogs, and bird dogs. We've even been used to haul small carts.



Some of my ancestors were trained to do tricks to entertain crowds on street corners and in traveling circuses. Everyone says we're amazingly intelligent, and I guess that proves it!



I don't want to brag, but we're also clean, healthy, and — yes — handsome. We're loyal and devoted, and we think the best life in the world is "a dog life" when we belong to a good human family.